

The Department of Music  
of  
The University of Alberta  
presents

NANCY MILLIONS, piano

with

ELSIE ACHUFF, soprano

and

JAMES RAYCROFT, baritone

Friday, March 28, 1980 at 5:00 p.m.  
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Sonata in E Minor, Op. 90 (1814) . . . . . Ludwig van Beethoven  
Mit Lebhaftigkeit und durchaus mit Empfindung und Ausdruck (1770-1827)  
Nicht zu geschwind und sehr singbar vorgetragen

Fantasie - Impromptu in C-Sharp minor, Op. 66 (1834) . . . . . Frederic Chopin  
(1810-1849)

From Die Winterreise, Op. 89 (1827) . . . . . Franz Schubert  
Gute Nacht (1797-1828)  
Die Wetterfahne  
Der Lindenbaum

Drei Gedichte von Michelangelo (1897) . . . . . Hugo Wolf  
Wohl denk' ich oft (1860-1903)  
Alles endet, was entstehet  
Fühlt meine Seele

James Raycroft, baritone

Three Poems by James Joyce, Op. 10 (1939) . . . . . Samuel Barber  
Rain has fallen (b. 1910)  
Sleep now  
I hear an army

Elsie Achuff, soprano

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This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms. Millions.



Gute Nacht (Goodnight)

As a stranger, I entered,  
 As a stranger, I go out again  
 May was kind to me  
 With many a bunch of flowers.  
 The maiden spoke of love,  
 The mother, even marriage:  
 But now the world is dreary  
 The roadway covered with snow.

I cannot spend my time  
 Choosing my journey,  
 I must determine my way  
 Here and now in the darkness,  
 A moonlight shadow goes  
 With me as companion,  
 And on the white meads  
 I look for wild creatures' tracks.

Why should I remain longer  
 Until I am driven out?  
 Let stray dogs howl  
 Outside their master's house!  
 Love likes to travel  
 From one to another,  
 God has made it so;  
 My fine lady-love, goodnight!

I will not disturb you in your dreams:  
 'Twere pity to spoil your rest.  
 You shall not hear my footsteps...  
 Softly, softly I close the door.  
 As I go I will write  
 "Goodnight" to you on the gate,  
 So that you may see  
 My thoughts were of you.

Die Wetterfane (The Weathervane)

The wind sports with the weather vane  
 On my fair love's house  
 To my crazed senses it seemed  
 To be mocking the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner  
 The escutcheon mounted over the house:  
 Then he would have never looked  
 For a faithful woman inside.

With the heart indoors the wind plays,  
 As on the roof, only not so loudly,  
 What do they care for my sorrows?  
 Their child is a wealthy bride.

Der Linden baum (The Linden Tree)

By the fountain outside the town gate stands  
 a linden tree;  
 In its shade I dreamt many a sweet dream.  
 In its bark I cut many loving word;  
 I was drawn to it continually in times  
 of joy and pain.

Der Linden baum (Cont.)

This night, too, I have to go past it, at  
 dead of night,  
 Dark though it was then, I kept my eyes closed  
 And its branches rustled, as though they were  
 calling to me:  
 "Come to me, my friend; here you will find  
 peace!"

The cold gusts blew straight into my face,  
 The hat flew off my head, but did not turn  
 back,  
 Now I am many hours distant from that place,  
 And still I hear a rustling: "You would have  
 found peace there!"

Wohl denk ich oft

Often of my past life I think,  
 how it was before my love for you;  
 no one at that time heeded me,  
 and each day was for me a loss;

Wholly to live for song I though,  
 even to flee the host of men.  
 Today in praise and censure I am named,  
 and all people know that I exist!

Alles endet, was entstehet

All ends that has a beginning.  
 All, all around us dies,  
 for time is fleeting,  
 and the sun sees  
 that all around dies,  
 thought, speech, pain and bliss;  
 and those who were our grandchildren  
 waver, as the shadows by day,  
 as haze in a breath of wind.  
 We, too, once were flesh and blood,  
 sad and happy, just as you,  
 and now we are lifeless here,  
 all but earth, as you can see.  
 All ends that has a beginning,  
 all, all around us dies.

Fühlt meine Seele

Does my soul feel the longed-for light of God,  
 who made it? Is it a ray  
 of other beauty from the vale of tears  
 that breaks into my heart awakening memory?

Is it a sound, a dream vision  
 that all at once fills the heart and eye.  
 in inexplicably growing agony  
 that reduces me to tears? I know not.

What I long for, what I feel, what guides me  
 is not in me: how, tell me, shall I win it?  
 Only another's grace is like to show me;

In that am I, since seeing you, absorbed.  
 Yes and no in my impulse, sweetness, bitterness  
 for that, mistress, your eyes are to blame.